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At Flood-time.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

THROUGH mounts of clouds up-heaped in formless
mass

The argent glory of the moon arose,
And, shimmering through the ghostly, wind-robbed
trees

That shuddered whispering in the vesper breeze,
Upon the murmuring waters as they pass
Fantastic, swirling shadows darkly throws.

She rises higher; on the tawny streams
Casts now a narrow path of quivering rays,
Which light the flooded forest, where the tide
Man-deep is brooding: Distantly espied,
A cabin, pile-supported, floating seems,
While from its door, deep-toned the gaunt hound bays.

Goldsmith's Characters.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

HERE is an element of inconsistency in the attempt of a tyro in literature, to pick flaws in a work that has received the encomiums of competent critics. It is the purpose of this paper, while endorsing the judgment of those who concede Oliver Goldsmith a place in the foremost rank of stylists, to call attention to incongruities in the characters of his very popular book, "The Vicar of Wakefield."

If Mr. Primrose is a representative man of Oliver's time, then, what a change has not this splendid biped undergone since! Patience, kindness, charity, courage, fortitude—he is the climax of all these, and we sigh, at times, to think that Nature, in her prodigality, forgot to furnish him with a pair of wings. At the con-

duct of the fiendish Thornhill, who ruins his daughter, burns down his house, and lodges him and his family in prison, he displays naught but submission and a smile. The only thing that it is necessary to say in condemnation of such characterization is that men do not act thus in actual life, and that when novelists and dramatists depart from real men and women their art is bad. Had Shakspeare made Hamlet passive when his father's ghost appears and says:

"The serpent which did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown,"

we would find ourselves witnessing a farce instead of one of the greatest dramas ever written. Had the same dramatist made Lear acquiesce in the ill-treatment of his unnatural daughters, Goneril and Regan, we would be able to find nothing but absurdities in this superb delineation of human character.

The beauty of style covers a multitude of sins. We have often wondered how an enlightened public could find rational entertainment in so impossible a story as Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." In less skillful hands the plot of this book, and the impossibility of the incidents would at once have condemned it. Few tales have had a greater vogue. Under the brilliancy of Dean Swift's style, the extravagance of "Gulliver's Travels" is not only highly entertaining, but even seems to assume a degree of plausibility. The adventures of Baron Munchausen and the mythical characters of the "Arabian Nights," although they do not come within that province of fiction which represents real men and women, have, nevertheless, acquired a wide popularity, owing to a subtle presentation.

So is it with Goldsmith's characters. In the hands of a less clever writer, most of his plots would have been failures. He lacked system

in every meaning of the word. It would be impossible to conceive the plan of a book worse than the "Vicar of Wakefield." There is nothing in the earlier chapters to enlist the attention of the reader; nothing that serves as a keynote to the narrative. It has the qualities of Sam Jones' sermons—it begins any place, it treats of everything, and may be ended anywhere. We are far, however, from condemning the "Vicar of Wakefield" as a whole. Aside from its wretched construction, there is much in it to admire. The humorous situations, the philanthropy of Mr. Primrose, the pathos of Olivia, and the harmony of their home-life are exceedingly well done.

The last chapters of the book have more absurdities than the first ones. The reader proceeds through a maze of impossible incidents to an absurd catastrophe. Toward the end the humorous situations become rarer and the incongruities thicker. The earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, but the events to which they lead, we believe, have never happened upon this earth, much less in any English parish.

The poems of Goldsmith have much merit; but like his prose works, their design is defective. "The Traveller" raised him at once to the place of an English classic. Aside from the inferior execution, it would be difficult to find a poem in ancient or modern literature that has a plan so noble and so simple. It represents a wanderer seated on a crag among the Alps near the point where three great countries meet. He looks down upon the boundless prospect below, recalls his long journey, the scenery, the climate, the government, national character, and concludes that the happiness of men depends not so much on legislators as upon the regulation of their own minds. The "Deserted Village" is, perhaps, superior in diction and versification to "The Traveller." The descriptions are often incongruous; he mixes up the seasons, and winter and spring do not harmonize very well in the same picture. He also seems to labor under a false system of political economy. His "Sweet Auburn" may have degenerated under the influence of wealth and progress, but we do not believe it; the reverse is always the case.

If ever an author's character has been reflected in his works, surely this is the case with Goldsmith. In his prose, his poetry and his comedies, we find the richness of his nature, the nobleness of his heart, together with all the looseness and irregularity of his daily life.

The Mysterious Casey.

JAMES J. SANDERS, '97.

"How is Casey, old man?"

"Who the deuce is Casey?"

"Oh! you are very innocent, you are."

Indeed, Frank Hyde did look guiltless of any knowledge as to the identity of the person spoken of. His face wore a surprised look as he glanced inquiringly into his friend's eyes. He was a handsome youth of twenty years, with coal black eyes and short, curly locks of the same color. Quiet and retiring in disposition, he was almost the direct opposite of his friend and questioner, a jolly-faced fellow whose blue eyes seemed to dance with good humor. George Wagner was inclined to be rather stout and just the sort of person that we would imagine to be a congenial companion. He was laughing heartily, and, as the perplexed look still remained on Frank's face, he stopped long enough to repeat the question and then indulge in his laughter with renewed vigor.

Assuming an injured air Frank started down the street, but was soon overtaken by George who changed the subject of their conversation and thus succeeded in appeasing Frank.

The two friends had been invited to attend a reception which occurred a few days later, and George knew that a certain young lady would be there. It was this information which made Frank forget his grievance, and when the two parted the affair had passed from his mind.

If it had been the first time that Frank had been questioned concerning the mysterious Casey it would seem strange that his temper should become so ruffled; but the truth of the matter is that he had been bothered by several of his friends during the past few days, who often saluted him with the query, "How is Casey?" He was certain that there was no one within his circle of friends by that name, yet he knew that there must be some grounds for connecting him with this Casey. A laugh was the only answer he received when he undertook to gain any information on the subject from his tormentors, and he had given up the task in despair.

Little did he think that he himself was wholly responsible for it. It never occurred to his mind how, in a burst of confidence, he had told George Wagner about his pretty sweetheart, extolling at length on her charms, his own hopes and fears, and his plans for the

future. He had even gone so far as to confide to his friend that the attentions which he so lavishly bestowed were favorably received. On hearing this important fact, George had inquired the name of the beloved one. With some reluctance Frank had answered "Miss Katharine Clayton," thereby shocking Wagner somewhat, since that young lady was not unknown to him.

The beginning of the mysterious "Casey" happened a few days later when Wagner met Frank on the street and innocently accosted him with the question, "How is K. C.?" Meaning thereby Miss Katharine Clayton.

"I don't know anyone by the name of Casey," Frank answered.

"Why, K. C. is a great friend of yours," George replied. He did not catch the drift of Frank's mistake yet, but the next question caused him to laugh so uproariously that Frank thought him insane.

"What's this Casey's first name, and what kind of a looking fellow is he?" were Frank's questions, and with them started his troubles with the mysterious Casey.

The idea never occurred to him to examine a list of his female acquaintances, and the disguise was so complete that it is very probable he would not have gained any information if he had.

All this had occurred about a week previous to the meeting and events narrated in the beginning of this story, and Frank was now rather sensitive on the Casey question, being still in the dark as to his identity.

The reception to which Frank and George had been invited was at the home of one of Miss Clayton's dearest friends. Miss Clayton would surely be there, and Frank anticipated a very pleasant evening in her company. As for George, he had a plan on hand whereby he hoped to derive much pleasure at the expense of Miss Clayton and Frank, and thus far his plans were working admirably. The two friends parted at the next crossing, and George immediately directed his course towards the home of Miss Clayton in Chatham Street.

The young lady received him very cordially, and after a few commonplace remarks George informed her that Frank and he had been invited to attend the reception.

"He does not know that you are to attend the reception, and I know that the surprise will be most agreeable to him," George said.

Miss Clayton blushed and tried to turn the conversation into another channel.

It was part of George's plan that Miss Clayton should be under the impression that her presence at the reception would be unknown to Frank until she came suddenly before him, and this slight falsehood was necessary to accomplish the end.

In a half-joking manner George then told Miss Clayton that Frank often referred to her by her initials "K. C.," so that she might know that Frank was speaking of her when he said anything about Casey. The object of his visit being accomplished, George took his departure, feeling confident over his success thus far.

The evening of the reception came at last, and at as seasonable a time as possible George was on the scene of his future operations. Among the first to appear was Frank Hyde, as handsome as ever and flushed with the thought of passing a few delightful hours in the presence of his beloved.

It was somewhat late when Miss Clayton arrived. The dancing had begun, and Frank was standing a few feet from the door, but with his back turned towards it. George was standing directly in front of him closely watching the entrance to the ball-room.

Miss Clayton's face appeared at the door, and catching sight of George and Frank she started towards them. Somewhat excitedly and in an undertone George said to Frank:

"How would you like to see Casey here tonight?" Loud enough to be heard for several feet around, Frank responded sharply:

"Oh, hang Casey! Can't you let me enjoy this evening without thrusting the despicable Casey into my face at every turn?"

He turned quickly as if to leave George's presence and stood face to face with Miss Clayton. She was very pale, and the startled expression in her eyes almost frightened George. But he must have his joke, since in the end he knew that everything would turn out right.

Frank's hearty and sincere welcome was met with a cold bow on the part of Miss Clayton. During the whole evening she retained the same cold demeanor towards Frank. On the score of a slight and sudden indisposition she declined to dance with him; but the greatest blow to Frank was to see her some time later dancing and evidently enjoying herself with George.

The reception was over rather late, and Frank, disappointed and miserable, betook himself to his home. He sat in his room thinking the matter over till early dawn. Time and again he asked himself what had caused this

coldness. When last they met had they not parted as the very best of friends, and now, without even so much as a word from either, a coldness had sprung up.

She who had all but plighted her troth to him had condemned him without giving him a chance to say a word in his own behalf. Well, there was the consolation left that she might write and give him some clue to the misunderstanding.

The noon mail brought nothing for him and his anxiety increased accordingly. He thought three o'clock would never come, but his waiting was at last rewarded by the arrival of the postman who delivered a letter to him written in the hand he knew so well.

With trembling fingers he took the missive, tore open the envelope and drew forth a folded note which ran as follows:

"February 20, 1897.

"MR. F. HYDE.

"DEAR SIR:—Your rash speech of last evening uttered just as I entered the ball-room, was, I presume, not intended for my ears; but being within hearing distance I unconsciously and luckily learned your true sentiments.

"I beg leave to retract any and all promises made, and express the wish that our friendship shall in the future be as formal as possible. I am,

Yours sincerely,

"K. C."

Frank's eyes opened wide as he progressed in the reading, but it would be impossible to picture the expression of surprise on his face when the initials K. C. met his eyes. The letter dropped to the floor and he sank into a chair which was close at hand.

Through his mind flashed the connection which existed between those initials and the name Casey, and he was almost overcome with regret when he remembered the fatal words of the past night. Suddenly he started from his seat and prepared to go out. A knock at the door interrupted him and George Wagner was ushered in.

Frank's wrath was aroused and his first impulse was to attack the smiling George; but the ludicrousness of the whole affair bursting in upon him forced him to join in the hearty laughter in which George was indulging.

The two friends talked for some time about the mysterious Casey, and then prepared to call at the house in Chatham Street. How well they were received it is needless to say, since the joyful laughter of all three might have been heard by any passer-by.

Varsity Verse.

Chorus, FROM "ŒDIPUS REX" (151-216).

Ⓞ BLESSED Word of Zeus, for what, I pray,
Cam'st thou from Pytho rich to comely Thebes?
Apollo, Delian god, I lie outstretched,—
My anxious heart is troubled much with dread.
In holy fear of thee do I await
The fall of destined fate, though new or old,
To be revealed again by circling hours;
Oh! tell me this, immortal Word of Zeus,
Who art the daughter of my fairest hope.

Divine Athene, first I call on thee;
And Artemis, protectress of this land,
Enthroned with honor in the Agora;
And thou, Apollo, darting far thy bow,
Ward off from me this ever-dreadful scourge.
If ever in the case of former woes,
Which rose against the state, ye put the flame
Of mischief off from it,—come now as well.

Oh gods! I suffer countless miseries,
And all the people here doth sorely complain.
No plan or thought I rightly can devise
By which a wretched creature could be saved;
For withering are the fruits of this fair land,
And women perish in the hour of birth.
Nay, the dead like quick-winged birds you see
One on the other sudden pressing close.
They fly more swiftly than that ball of fire,
Which hastens to the shores of Pluto's home.

The countless numbers of the dying make
The city desolate. Before us lie
The dead, unpitied and all pestilent.
Bereaved wives and gray-haired mothers wail,—
Some here, some there, along the altar's base.
The pæan sounds, but blended with the voice of woe.

Oh Zeus! to this misfortune send relief,
And force the god of war unarmed with shield,
Who now, alas! is noised abroad to be
The cause of this ill plague, to turn his wrath
From off the borders of our fatherland.
Confine the blow to Amphitrite's abode,
Or to the harbor of the Thracian sea;
For whatsoever a night does store away,
The coming day revengeful shall assail.
Avenge, O father Zeus, this sad affair!
Thou who controllest lightning,—smite with thy bolt!

Oh Lycean King! I would be glad to say:
Thy adamant darts were showered forth
From bows of twisted gold to our relief;
And scourging rays which Artemis pours down
On Lycean hills. I pray our native god—
Gold-mitred Bacchus, with wine-flushed face—
That he, with beaming torch, to us may come
As our assistant, with his Mænad throng,
Against the god, dishonored mong the gods.

M. M. O.

Eloquence of the Bar.

F. HENRY WURZER, '98.

Eloquence or oratory, in all its forms, was divided by Aristotle into three chief kinds: the demonstrative, the deliberative and the judicial. Under the demonstrative were grouped panegyrics, invectives, speeches of congratulation, funeral orations, and all such in which the end was either praise or blame; the deliberative comprises all those which consulted or advised by persuasion, dissuasion and commendation; and, lastly, the judicial included all discourses that aimed at the protection of right and innocence, or such as were employed in addressing tribunals of justice. This division is used by all the ancient writers of any importance, and it has also been adopted by most modern rhetoricians. Dr. Blair, however, while he favors the division of Aristotle, somewhat differs from it in his lectures, and refers us to the scene of the eloquence—the public assembly, the bar and the pulpit—rather than to the chief characteristics of the oration itself. Yet, in substance, his divisions are the same. Though the eloquence of public assemblies and of the pulpit partakes of the qualities of both the deliberative and the demonstrative, yet, that of public assemblies will more completely exhaust the deliberative kind, and the same is true as between the pulpit and the demonstrative. But the eloquence of the bar corresponds precisely to judicial oratory; and it is of this last kind that I propose briefly to treat.

As has already been stated, the orator at the bar seeks the maintenance of justice and the punishment of crime. His only aim, therefore, is conviction, and in this rests the principal mark of distinction from the other kinds of eloquence. It does not appear that any such division has ever been made; yet it would seem proper that judicial oratory should be subdivided into two classes—those which are addressed to a jury, and those which address only one or a few judges. When addressing a jury, the lawyer may draw more upon his imagination, speak to their passions, to their hearts and understanding. He has a much wider field for discussion. But when he stands before a body of judges, whom he is always obliged to regard as his superiors, and whose authority he is bound to respect, he can not presume to reach their sympathy by means of passionate eloquence and florid language. He must con-

fine himself to the argumentation of what is just and what is true; his eloquence must be of the purest kind; that is, he must say what he means in the clearest and most concise way. He addresses himself solely to their understanding.

The circumstances surrounding the modern courts of law have changed so materially from those attending the tribunals before which Cicero and Demosthenes pleaded, that their manner of speaking at this day would seem not only improper but bordering on the ridiculous.

It is certainly an advantage to an orator to have a multitude rather than a few to talk to. The Roman prætors, who acted as judges, always appointed a great number of associates when any case of importance came up, and the Athenian Areopagus consisted of no less than fifty men. Under such circumstances it was not out of place to employ all the various means that eloquence, in its broadest sense, implies. Sometimes men in deep mourning were brought before these tribunals, and oftentimes their wives and children stood by crying and complaining of their misery, all to supplement and strengthen the vivid picture of wretchedness and sorrow which the pleader had already drawn. It is quite certain that such desperate efforts to touch the sympathies of judges and jurors at the present time would forever banish from the ranks of sane men the one attempting them.

In those days there were no complicated systems of jurisprudence, no extensive volumes of law to which the judges could refer. Only that which could be shown to be equitable and righteous was law, and, therefore, he who could best place his cause in the light of true justice was successful. Undoubtedly, pleaders of that time enjoyed material advantages over those of modern times; they were favored with a wider scope for their eloquence, and could employ a greater variety of means.

Though this great change in pleading has taken place, yet this does not in the least dispense with the necessity of eloquence at the bar. We need it today as much, if not more so, than the Grecians and Romans did; and not only do we need it, but a young lawyer's success greatly depends upon his mastery of it.

As was stated before, during the days of Demosthenes, Cicero and Cato, he who could most plausibly reconcile his cause to equity and righteousness was certain of success. Then it was simply a matter of painting things as they were, and with such coloring as would

gain the favor and sympathy of the judges. Today we must apply obscure doctrines of law to the existing facts, always more or less involved, owing to the complexity of customs. Sometimes we can not find any law that suits the particular circumstances. It is then often necessary to place analagous laws in various lights, combine their force and intent by ingenious comparisons, and show clearly how they will apply to the question at issue. And, again, these subjects are generally so dry and tedious that unless they are presented attractively and distinctly, in such a manner that they can be readily grasped and appreciated, they may be passed unnoticed by the court. No lawyer can afford to let any of his vital points be overlooked. He must keep them constantly before the court, and yet he can not become monotonous by pressing them too continuously, and in a manner that would insult its honesty and diligence.

When addressing one or several judges the attorney must demonstrate, disclose and argue in a plain, yet strong and manly style. His reasoning must be close, his statements concise and to the point. He can not presume to teach the court, but must simply say how a thing is, and assist the court in applying the law by quoting abundant authorities for his views of the question; nor may he use florid expressions but very sparingly, because this would show insolence towards the integrity of the court and at the same time deduct from the strength of his arguments. It is not at all uncommon that floral decorations are used to hide a flimsy, infirm background.

In the event of addressing a jury, however, this precept need not be so strictly observed. Here the lawyer may make use of all the charms and attractions of rhetoric, and may employ all the means which oratorical license will warrant, with but this restriction, that he shall not intrude upon grounds hostile to the evidence adduced, or misstate the doctrines of law. Since, as a rule, the entire testimony advanced in a case of some length and complication rests in the minds of the jurors in a woful medley, much like the confused mass of a junk-shop, the attorneys must have the power to recapitulate, repeat and combine their evidence into a logical whole in a manner that is simple, clear and forcible. But the true worth of a pleader rests chiefly in his ability to watch every play of features and every action of the jurors, to vary the strength of his arguments, or divert their attention from the strongest points

of his opponents, and to intensify or relax the force of his pathos to win them to favor his cause.

It is plainly evident from this that eloquence at the bar is as essential as ever, and since it is established to be such an urgent necessity, it directly follows that its mastery is the keynote of a lawyer's success. Young lawyers, particularly, too often underrate the importance of proficiency in the art of speaking. They think that law is all they need for success, but their mistake soon becomes apparent when they have conducted several cases. They will stand by to listen to their opponent as he twists and tears their arguments, and at last turns them directly against their cause. On the contrary, however, when a young lawyer pleads before a court in a manner that does him credit and that is in keeping with the dignity of his profession, his adversary will be somewhat intimidated from the fear that results from a worthy rival; the judges and officers of the court will respect him; the jurors will learn to like and favor him, and those concerned or listening will be convinced that he is a thorough and determined man.

It is also true that no other eloquence than that of the law holds out a more extensive field for the exercise of one's ability in every line, nor will any other kind admit of a more direct cognizance of one's real worth. A young attorney may be seconded and befriended by wealthy and influential relatives, yet, one who has less support, but who is better able to conduct and argue a case, will ultimately triumph over and pass his colleague, despite the favoritism shown him, and easily lead the way.

Nor can any other art claim a greater number of more striking cases of its mastery by constant application than that of judicial oratory. Demosthenes, the orator of orators, who astonished the world with his overpowering eloquence in his philippics, about the year B. C. 339, had greater obstacles to surmount than the ordinary man has; and his first attempt at the bar, shortly after reaching his majority, did not dampen his determination, though he had been laughed at and frequently interrupted. Among the Roman orators Cicero is first—and he, too, earned his renown by constant labor and study. In more recent times men like Pitt, Henry and Webster have developed in a similar way. It is plain, then, that because one is not born an orator it is not in the least detrimental to his acquiring the greatest ability as such. This ought to be a strong incentive to all who aspire

to success and distinction in the legal profession to pursue diligently that eloquence which is peculiar to the bar.

It is also a notable truth that during all the periods of eloquence, when the most important questions of civilization, society and man's happiness were discussed, those who were most powerful, those who were most vigilant, those who lent their every effort to adjust these matters, and to suppress the rebellious broiling of indignant minds when peace was most advantageous, or to spur them on with will and courage of steel to the battlefields when war was the only remedy—those were the orators who began their public career by pleading at the bar. This is true in ancient times among the Athenians, of Demosthenes, of his great rival, Æschines, and earlier of Pericles; among the Romans of Cicero, Galba, Crassus and Mark Antony. In modern times we find this true in England of Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Fox and Chatham; and in America of Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Robert H. Hayne, Abraham Lincoln, and many others.

We have seen that judicial oratory is as useful and as deserving of study as it ever was; we have seen the greatness of its masters and its usefulness to the lawyer, and may we not then conclude that the eloquence of the bar is still necessary, still living, and a power in him who can master it?

What Was in a Name.

JOHN D. LANDERS, 1900.

Down in the little village of Hortonsville live two families of the Whitneys. There is in each family a son who bears the same first name, Edward. One of these boys is a small, well-built fellow, and to distinguish him from his cousin he was early in life given the nickname "Buck." His cousin was a big, worthless fellow. He had red hair, and was very fond of playing cards and reading novels. He also was nicknamed; they called him "Red."

The two boys spent their vacation last summer at Minnegan Springs, in New Hampshire. "Buck" was a ladies' man, and while "Red" was lounging around the hotel playing billiards or indulging in a game of cards, his gallant cousin was ingratiating himself into the affections of the lady-boarders.

"Buck" formed a very close companionship with Miss Cosgrove, one of the young ladies

at the hotel, and before he left for home he asked permission to write to her. She readily assented, and he felt as proud as a general after winning a victory. When the season was over Miss Cosgrove and "Buck" had to part, but they did so feeling that they had profited by each other's companionship.

Soon after arriving home "Buck" wrote a charming letter to the lady and waited patiently for a reply. When letters came to the post-office for "Buck" or "Red" the postmaster usually gave them to the one that came first. As they were cousins it did not matter much which got them.

Miss Cosgrove answered "Buck's" letter promptly, but as luck would have it, the postmaster gave the letter to "Red." As there was nothing in it to intimate that a letter had been received from "Buck," he felt greatly honored. He soon answered it, and they thus started a correspondence. He had her address his letters to E. G. Whitney, and this removed every chance for "Buck" to get one of them. The correspondence continued and they became very intimate.

"Buck" grew anxious as the time went by, and often thought of writing again, but he thought this would not be manly, and he waited. "Red's" affection for Miss Cosgrove was shown by the fact that he wrote two or three long letters to her every week. From this it could be inferred that he had serious intentions, but it was a long time before he had courage enough to propose to her. When he did propose she accepted him, and they were to be married in New York on a certain day.

As autumn faded into winter and nature began to change her smiles to frowns, "Buck" grew dispirited at not hearing from Miss Cosgrove. He was in the habit of saying that all women are as fickle as a day in March; but when he remembered how sincere Marie Cosgrove's blue eyes had looked at parting, he felt sure that there was a mistake somewhere. Of course he did not know that "Red" had been writing to her, and that he had even proposed to her. The day for the marriage was near at hand, and "Red" thought he would leave on an early train so that "Buck" would not know where he went. "Buck," however, was utterly tired of suspense, and he determined to visit Miss Cosgrove to learn the cause of her silence. He happened to take the same train as "Red," but he did not go in the smoking car as there might be some one there that he knew, and it would be disagreeable to

be questioned. "Red" was in the smoking car and each was thus unconscious of the other's presence.

"Red" knew a few men who were on the train, and he could not resist the temptation to play a game of cards with them. They bothered him about travelling so early in the morning, and asked him what he was going to do in Manchester, but he replied vaguely in popular slang that he was going to "catch on" to something there.

In due time the train rolled into the station at Manchester, and "Red" was very excited. The men in the smoking car knew that he was going to do something, and they looked out of the windows to see what it was.

When the train stopped Miss Cosgrove stood upon the station platform. "Buck" was one of the first passengers to alight and she threw herself into his arms. She called him "dearest" and whispered how romantic a proposal by letter was. "Buck" was very quick-witted in a case of emergency like this. He kissed her and gave noncommittal answers of assent to everything. Just then "Red" stepped out of the train, but before he took many paces he saw Marie and "Buck" walking across the way to a carriage.

He must have been bereft of reason by the sight, for he appeared like a man suffering from some terrible injury, and he ejaculated several times: "Well! well! well! I like this!" He was dazed; he said no more till some one jostled against him and he seemed to awake.

The train was just leaving the station and the last car had passed him, but he ran and got on. And "Red" had done what he told the men in the smoker he was going to do—he had caught on to something—the train.

At the Post-Office.

JAMES H. MCGINNIS, 1900.

It is the cheerful custom of the old men of small New England villages to go to the post-office every morning for the mail. They generally arrive half an hour or more before the mail is distributed, so as to talk over the news of the day or to tell stories. I happened to be present one morning at one of these assemblies, when a good-natured old man, with cheerful blue eyes, gray whiskers and silvery locks, told the following tale:

"It is just fifteen years since we had our first resident priest. I remember the winter before he came here, I was obliged to drive to Holiston to get the priest of that town to minister to Mrs. Kate Murphy, who was lying on her death-bed.

"Joe Murphy, who was then but a youngster, came to my door during the night and asked me to go for a priest, saying that his mother was dying. I pulled on my clothes, grabbed a lantern, and hurried to the barn. It took me but a few minutes to harness the colt and start. It was a bitterly cold night, one of those regular old-time winters; the snow was about seven-teen inches deep and worn smooth. I reached Holiston in a short time, and rattling the priest out of bed, told him my errand. He lost no time in dressing, and in a few moments had made all preparations, jumped into the sleigh and we started on our return. When my horse found his head turned homeward he began to show, without being urged, the speed that was in him.

"We had reached the outskirts of the town and were entering the swamp-road this side of Hugh Gallagher's when we heard bells a short distance behind us. I did not turn my head, as I was aware of the danger of being upset if we turned into the ditches. As the bells approached I was startled by a reflection as of fire on the snow in front of us. The priest who had been silent all the time, noticed the same thing, and he turned his head to see the cause. Instantly he made a lunge for the reins, and before I knew what was the trouble, he was urging the colt into a dead run. I was soon aware of our danger, however, for as the bells sounded within ten yards of us, I looked around and saw a pair of heavy horses running at break-neck speed towards us, attached to a large covered sleigh, which was in a blaze.

"We had great difficulty in keeping ahead, but managed to do so until we arrived at the turnpike, where the maddened horses turned into the Island Pond road, and disappeared. The priest returned the reins to me, and we rode the next mile in silence. He was thinking more of the Divine Presence in his breast than of the mysterious horses, but I could scarcely sit still until I arrived home, I was so nervous. I let the priest down at the door of the dying woman, and drove to my barn to care for the best piece of horse flesh I ever owned.

"A few days afterwards I heard of a fire which had occurred in Smith's stable, and also of the end of the horses that had been standing on the

floor, but had escaped from the building in some unknown way. It was thought likely that the stableman had opened the door in time to allow the frantic animals to run out with their burning load before help arrived from the adjacent hotel, where the sleighing party had stopped for a luncheon. The two horses kicked themselves free of the sleigh, but they were so badly bruised they had to be shot."

Books and Magazines.

THE AMBASSADOR OF CHRIST. By James Cardinal Gibbons.

The aim of the Cardinal in this the latest of his works is to put in the hands of the minister of God a guide to direct him through his course from boyhood till death. His Eminence says he shall be happy if it inspires professors in seminaries with fresh zeal in the execution of their sublime and arduous calling; if it will quicken students with more reverence and gratitude for their teachers, and with more diligence in the pursuit of knowledge; if it will animate the clergy with renewed ardor in the cultivation of piety and science and with increased earnestness in the work of the ministry. Thus in the "The Ambassador of Christ" are laid down the high, genuine aspirations and motives which must attend a real vocation, and the rules and principles which must guide the recipient of the priesthood. The highest and purest ambition which must actuate the priest from the earliest dawn of vocation through college and seminary into the sanctuary, and onward through the scenes of active life and the privacy of secluded hours, is everywhere inculcated. The writer is particularly solicitous and instructive in regard to the spirit and practice of clerical training consistent with the conditions of actual American life. Instructions are given as to how the American priest is to get in touch with the American people. By studying their lives and life-problems, their trials and longings and by making them his own he is to win them over. The zeal in God's service that is so prominent a characteristic of the Cardinal breaks out in his work. His estimate of clerical excellence is not confined to apathetic mediocrity. From the priest, as minister of the God of sanctity, a very high degree of personal holiness is of obligation; a tireless energy and self-immolation in the welfare not only of those of his flock, but of

those also who, unhappily, are separated from him by differences in religion.

That the priest should be consumed with a love and solicitude for the welfare of our separated brethren is a point on which the Cardinal chiefly insists. He is at pains to go into detail and to furnish practical hints on convert making, the highest excellence of the sacerdotal calling. In a word, great personal piety, a highly cultivated mind, grasping the great questions of the day, a sweet, firm gentleness of disposition, and an ardent zeal in everything relating to God's Church are the characteristics held up before the Catholic priesthood as the end of their ambition, in language clear, smooth and concise. The writer's exalted position in the American Catholic Hierarchy, the wisdom, piety and zeal that have marked his singularly beautiful and successful life through college, seminary, priesthood and episcopate, add the force of authority and experience to the exhortations which come from a heart filled with the love of God's Church and with the longing to see her spread and prosper throughout his native land. The book is presented in very satisfactory form by the publishers, John Murphy & Company of Baltimore.

—Teachers looking for something attractive and new in the way of drills and songs for school commencements or social gatherings will find in "The Tinker Song" (for boys), "The Chinese Umbrella" (for girls), and "The Crafty Old Spider," something that will just suit. The music is catchy. Each number is prefaced by directions which lend an additional value to the pieces. They are published by J. Fischer & Bro., 7 Bible House, New York.

—*Popular Science* is a very valuable magazine. As its name implies, it speaks chiefly to the people, and even to the initiated it is an interesting review of the newest facts of science. The April number has a very instructive paper on what is termed the "Vernal Renaissance." "Prehistoric Jewelry" is another theme that is very well handled, and from it we learn that even before the dawn of history there must have been in various parts of the world a market for trinkets of curious material and workmanship. "A Naturalist's Ladder" with illustration is the first article in the present number. The beautiful red-headed woodpecker is treated of under the suggestive title "The Cannibalistic Woodpecker." *Popular Science* has many systematically arranged departments, such as Hygiene, Electricity, Invention and Chemistry.

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} Reporters.

—The announcement has just been made that the *Ave Maria* is about to begin the publication of Aubrey de Vere's autobiography. The life of so great a poet—a life that has been one of quiet, apart from the eyes of the curious—should be eagerly studied; and when it is known that the poet is the author of his own biography, added interest in the work is sure to be evinced. Aubrey de Vere is a convert to the Catholic Church. For fifty years he has been in touch with the great leaders in the moral and intellectual world. His friends are many and great, and their thoughts, as set down in this autobiography, can not but be of interest. His work is known the world over, and though his poems are often deeply philosophic he has acquired a wide popularity. His subject-matter is drawn in great part from mediæval sources, historical and legendary, and this he has clothed in the most graceful purity of expression and the most harmonious metre. The *Ave Maria* is to be congratulated on having secured at great expense the reminiscences of this great man. There is no doubt that the work will be cordially received not only by Catholics, but by all lovers of good literature. The *Ave Maria* will have placed a literature-loving people under lasting obligation for this latest proof of its progressiveness.

The Lætare Medal.

The address accompanying the Lætare Medal, which was presented last year to Major-General William Stark Rosecrans, U. S. A., contains these significant words: "The Lætare Medal has been worn only by men and women whose genius has ennobled the arts and sciences, illustrated the Church and enriched the heritage of humanity." This describes, in a few words, the object and history of the Lætare Medal. Since its foundation in 1883 by the University of Notre Dame, this mark of distinction and reward for eminent merit has been conferred upon some of the greatest men and women of the land. Doctor John Gilmary Shea, the historian of the American Church, the distinguished scholar, bibliographer and student of Indian dialects, was fittingly the first medalist. In 1884, Patrick Keeley, the Catholic architect, who devoted his life to rearing magnificent temples of worship that still hold his name, was the second wearer of the medal. Eliza Allen Starr, poet and artist, was the first woman medalist. The fourth recipient was General John Newton, who served with distinction in the Civil War, and whose fame was enhanced by the gigantic work he accomplished in blowing up Hell Gate in New York harbor.

On whom the medal was conferred in 1887 is not a matter of public history. The medalist selected that year refused to accept any ecclesiastical dignity that might be offered him, for the reason that he felt himself unfit for honors. His modesty and humility were rigidly respected. Commendatore P. V. Hickey, editor of the *New York Catholic Review*, is the sixth in the list of these distinguished men and women. The next selection was that of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, whose death last Christmas removed one of the foremost Catholic novelists of the land. The Hon. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, was chosen by the Trustees in 1890. The following year the choice fell upon the late Daniel Dougherty. Tenth in order comes the name of Henry F. Brownson, whose fame is more than a reflection of his father's. The venerable journalist Patrick Donahue, of the *Boston Pilot*, was the worthy medalist of 1893. In 1894 the University conferred the honor on Mr. Augustin Daly, the foremost theatrical manager in America. On the following year Mrs. Anna T. Sadlier received this mark of distinction for her worthy literary labors. Last

year the medal was given to a brave soldier of the American army, General Rosecrans. A glance at this list of names will show the wisdom of the Trustees of the University. The honor has been conferred on men and women whose works were great and whose lives are examples of energy, piety and resolution. Many departments of science and art are represented by this illustrious list of Catholic men and women. Another branch of knowledge is this year honored in its representative, Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D., LL. D.

THIS YEAR'S MEDALIST.

Thomas Addis Emmet was born May 29, 1828, at the University of Virginia, where his father, Dr. John Patton Emmet, was then Professor of Chemistry and Materia Medica. He is a grandson of the famous Thos. Addis Emmet, who was the brother of the illustrious Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot-martyr. The present recipient of the Lætare Medal is, therefore, the grandnephew of Robert Emmet.

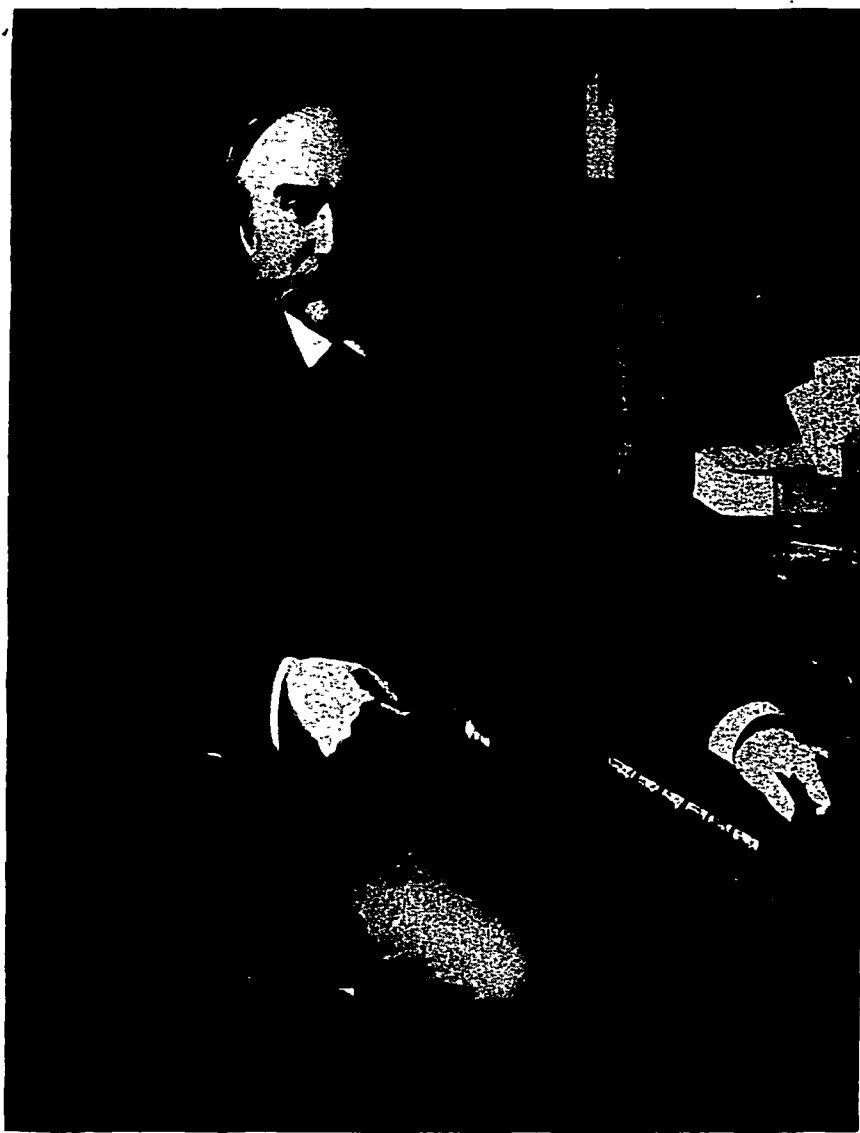
The first Thomas Addis Emmet, after a few years' imprisonment for special activity during the troublous times of the disastrous uprising in Ireland in 1798, was released with the admonition never to set foot again on Irish soil. He left Europe with his wife and children in 1804, and settled in New York City where he attained eminence at the bar. One of his sons, John Patton Emmet, was the father of the present medalist.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet received his preparatory education at a school connected with the University of Virginia and at a school at Flushing, Long Island, under the charge of the Reverend Francis L. Hawks. He afterwards entered the academic course at the University

of Virginia, but did not remain there for graduation.

In 1845 he entered the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia where he was graduated in 1850, serving afterwards as resident physician in the Emigrant Refugee Hospital at Ward's Island, New York. In 1852 he was appointed one of the visiting physicians at the same hospital, in which capacity he served for three years. In the autumn of 1852 he began the practice of medicine in the city of New York where he has since remained. In 1855 he became assistant to Dr. Sims in the hospital opened by the Women's Hospital Association, and in 1862 Dr. Emmet was made surgeon-in-chief of this

institution. The hospital was afterwards merged into one under the charter of the Women's Hospital of the State of New York, and the present institution was built and organized under his direction. He remained at its head until 1872 when the hospital was put under the charge of a board of surgeons. Since that time Doctor Emmet has served with this board as a visiting surgeon. In 1876 he was also appointed consulting surgeon to the Roosevelt Hospital. Since 1859 he has been prominent as a gynæcologist.



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, M. D., LL. D.

He is a member of the principal medical societies of the City of New York; and he has been president of the New York Obstetrical Society, Vice-President of the Medical Society of the city of New York, and he is a permanent member of the State Medical Society and of several European and American medical associations. Doctor Emmet has attained great fame as a surgeon, and there is no American practitioner of medicine better known to the members of his profession connected with the large European

universities. He has published nearly thirty special treatises on subjects connected with his specialty, and all are remarkable for originality.

His publications in book form are four, the last of which, "Principles and Practice of Gynæcology," was first issued in 1879 at Philadelphia. It has gone through many editions. There were at least three editions of this work in England beside the American editions, and it has been translated into German and French.

Dr. Emmet was received into the Catholic Church in 1867, and he has since been a devoted member of that communion. He is well known in New York society, although he is an unpretentious, retiring man,—a characteristic of all really great physicians. For the past ten years he has been a trustee of Saint Stephen's Church in New York City. His wife, who was Katharine Duncan, of Montgomery, Alabama, and his family, were always Catholics. Dr. Emmet has three sons and two daughters: Dr. J. Duncan Emmet, Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, Jr., Dr. Robert G. Emmet, Mrs. Charles N. Harris, and Miss Kathleen Emmet.

It is an added honor that the first man to propose Dr. Emmet's name as a candidate for the Latare medal was the historian, John Gilmary Shea.

**

The formal presentation of the Medal will take place in New York on some Sunday after Easter. Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan has kindly consented to present it to Dr. Emmet in the name of the University.

To Sans Gène.

Touchstone extends his thanks to *Sans Gène* for the kind advice and paternalism proffered by the latter last week, but begs to add that, having a "mind of his own," he is able to seek farther for a guide and exemplar. *Sans Gène's* fitness for that rôle is seriously interfered with by his inability to conform to the old saw, "practice what you preach;" for in the same breath that he admonishes Touchstone to refrain from calling names, he says "fool" in ironical yet unmistakable terms. Touchstone might retort with vehemence and good effect, but refrains from doing so since he has recently had his attention drawn to Matthew Arnold's essay on "Urbanity in Criticism." *Sans Gène* delivers himself of quite an amount of cynicism, which, I may say in passing, is not a true view to

take of life and people, but I must also add, to his credit, that he does not follow his own advice. It is not a good belief, nor is it a tenable one, to label the conservatism of wiser and more experienced men as narrow intolerance, and to accuse them of inquisitorial methods. Such opinions proclaim *Sans Gène* to be young or without depth of insight, and he may, sooner than he thinks, realize that his words are the result of restlessness alone. A man who can not change his opinion when circumstances warrant is unworthy of argument, and as to the question of our speakers, which seems to have fallen into the background, I am constrained to admit more than a little justice in *Sans Gène's* position. As gracefully as possible I yield to him on that point; but, in conclusion, let me say that I do not acquiesce to *Sans Gène's* general attitude, which is nothing less than unbacked pretension,—in short, that of a *poseur*.

TOUCHSTONE.

Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

The author of "Wormwood" and "The Sorrows of Satan" is nothing if not intense; and, although she sometimes—very frequently in fact—tortures the Queen's English almost beyond endurance, her pen is very often a powerful one and used in a good cause. Still, as the venerable Victoria is one of her most appreciative readers, she should have more consideration for her monarch's language, not to speak of it being owned in co-partnership by the President and some million Americans. Perhaps, however, she thinks that the thing to be said is of so much greater import than the way of saying it that the latter will be passed over without criticism in the fashion of one woman who wished to buy "The Sorrows of Satan" and asked the clerk for "The Troubles of the Devil." At any rate Marie Corelli's latest message to the world bears the euphonious title, "The Modern Marriage Market," with a sequel called "The Hideous Traffic." They are not novels, simply newspaper "stories" of some two pages each, and from a literary point of view the subject-matter, as indicated by the titles, sinks into insignificance compared with the style—as unique specimens. Words are made the medium for a wildly bizarre creation of superlative, invective and pleading denunciation, with odd lapses into imaginative writing and

sudden changes from *forte* to *piano* like a stage thunderstorm when it eases up for a moment to allow the dialogue to continue. If earnestness of purpose were all, Miss Corelli's "story" might well have accomplished its purpose.

* * *

But at this point one is tempted to doubt the fair writer's sincerity from the fact that the *New York Journal* is her publisher in this instance. As a literary woman she has either deliberately placed herself down to the rotten level of that newspaper's methods by allowing her name to appear in its columns, or she is painfully ignorant of the *Journal's* character. It is charitable to suppose the latter to be the case, and that she did not aspire to be bracketed with the "Yellow Kid" and Alan Dale, the most scurrilous critic on the American Press. And then imagine the delight, to a writer of Marie Corelli's pretensions, of seeing her text adorned by Archie Gunn's pictures—by the premiere artist of ballet girl's anatomies—of reading the sensational scare heads executed every few lines by the *Journal's* copy reader, and above all, of gazing at a highly artistic drawing of herself "seated in her study at work on the 'Modern Marriage Market' for the Sunday *Journal*." When Marie Corelli sees these things, it is safe to say that she will be sufficiently punished for her indiscretion, and will for the future exercise more care in selling her "stories."

SANS GENE.

Exchanges.

Gorgeous in holiday attire comes the Silver Jubilee number of the *Yale Record*. For twenty-five years has that clever dispenser of wholesome humor delighted the students and friends of Yale, and here's wishing it many jolly returns of the anniversary. The Jubilee number—which is a credit to the humorists of "Old Eli"—is handsome and tasty in make-up and full of the plenitude of good things for which the *Record* is noted. The contents are excellent, and the humor is delightful. The *Owl*, though busily engaged in attending birthday festivities, has proudly presented us with his history for the past twenty-five years, and has discoursed on local affairs in his usually solemn and learned manner. The illustrations in the present number are artistic and striking; the verse is dainty and catching; while the prose articles must have made the *Owl* himself cast aside his dignity and wear a broad grin of delight. We congrat-

ulate the past and present success, and we extend to it our best wishes for a long and happy mirth-making future.

* * *

It would be well for all rabid anti-English Jingos to read and profit by an article in the February number of the *Philosophian Review*, entitled "The Brotherhood of England and America." It deals with the feeling of animosity which seems to inflame the hearts of so many of our countrymen at the slightest suggestion of trouble between England and the United States. It is time that the old Revolutionary spirit should die out and give place to the friendly feeling that should naturally animate the hearts of the people of both nations. "Enthusiasm in Study," in the same number of the *Review*, gives good advice to all students, and teaches the importance of interest in the subject under consideration, whatever it may be. "Why Women Need Gymnasium Training" contains much of interest to our sisters and cousins. Altogether the *Review* contains much attractive and profitable reading matter.

Personals.

—We are pleased to notice in the daily press the success scored by two Notre Dame men before a large audience in Central Music Hall, on March 17. Professor Austin O'Malley delivered a very able address treating of the Irish heroic poem, "The Sons of Usna," while Mr. Hugh O'Neill, '92, paid an eloquent tribute to the patriotism of the Irish people.

—In the Covington *Daily Commonwealth*, of March the 17th, is recorded the death of the Honorable W. W. Cleary upon whom Notre Dame conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. in 1881. Judge Cleary, was a good man in every sense of the word. He was a devout Catholic, a staunch American, and an honest man. All Kentucky is mourning his death, and friends from all over the continent are sorrowing for him. The SCHOLASTIC unites with the Faculty of the University in extending its sincere sympathy to his sorrowing relatives.

—The *Indianapolis Journal* of March 18 gives great praise to Professor George Clarke, of the University, for his speech in response to a toast at the banquet of the Sons of St. Patrick, which was held in Indianapolis, on the evening of the seventeenth. It says that Prof. Clarke is an inspiring speaker, and that he was frequently interrupted by spontaneous applause. At the same banquet were present Henry Watterson, Bishop Chatard, Bishop Bessonies, Supreme Judge Timothy E. Howard, and a number of other distinguished men.

Local Items.

—LOST.—A necktie. Return it to L. C. Reed.

—LOST.—A University lock, No. A 88. Finder, please to return it to Carroll Hall.

—LOST.—A scarf-pin in form of a wreath. Please to return it to W. Dinnen, Carroll Hall.

—"When the leaves appear they make a bough (bow)"—From the Persian Botanist, O-Ha-Rah.

—Students of the Modern History Class are requested to hand in their essays on Monday, the 29th inst.

—Tomorrow will be Lætare Sunday. This means Mid-Lent, gentlemen—good cause for rejoicing. And then Easter.

—LOST.—A match box with letters "G.P.M." engraved on the outside. Please to return it to G. P. McCarrick, Brownson Hall.

—LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A small, black and tan mustache. A reward offered for its return to Louis Reed, Brownson Hall.

—The full-dress military coats have arrived and are models of fine workmanship and perfect fit. Company A is a winner now.

—"Wag" has returned to his post of duty as chief trumpeter of the battalion after a short absence, and his stirring call will be heard again about the campus.

—PROFESSOR OF LATIN: "Now why is this noun put in the dative case?"

PUPIL.—"Because it is a dative of disadvantage after the verb *nubere*—meaning 'to marry.'"

—"Yes," said "Rosy" Mueller, as some one hit young Berry with a snowball meant for his larger brother; "you want to take more care when you pick that bush. You got only a little berry that time."

—A number of Fort Wayne young ladies, who were formerly students of St. Mary's Academy, attended the basket-ball game at Fort Wayne last week in a body, and cheered lustily for the Gold and Blue.

—"How am I ever to get that short story written for English!" wailed the unfortunate student. "Pshaw!" sneered his companion, "why don't you gather material as I do?"—and he produced a *Black Cat*.

—The familiar form of Michael, bending over the remnants of last year's beautiful flowerbeds, was noticed for the first time last week. It was then that the first work toward beautifying the gardens was begun.

—To hear the epithets of disapproval hurled at the unoffending snow last Tuesday morning was enough in itself to melt that now detestable article. But it stayed right with us, and the promised "rec" day is still coming.

—A heavy fall of snow Tuesday night and the consequent cold weather drove the candidates for the Varsity nine again to the cage.

The men of '98 gracefully permitted the twirlers of this year to practise beneath their skylight.

—The man who translated "D'Artagnan qui pendant une heure s'était rongé les ongles d'impatience, commençait attaquer sa chair,"—"D'Artagnan who had been biting the shadows of impatience, began to eat his chair," has resolved to study.

—Alas for the S. M.'s! Forth from Sorin Hall they came in all their pride and glory; confident of victory and elated with memories of former successes. And yet their mighty wielders of the stick went down before the Carrollites by a score of 10-1.

—New baskets have been placed in the Carroll gym for the game tonight. The change would be a welcome one were it not for the fact that the Varsity men find some trouble in gauging their exact location. They are placed higher than the others.

—The New York Male Quartette will be heard in a concert on April 1 in Washington Hall. If the advance notices which have been received can be relied upon we shall hear good music next Thursday. The Quartette enjoys an enviable reputation.

—Professor Beyer had a company of the Minims drilling with wands on the stage of Washington Hall last Thursday afternoon. The little fellows wouldn't tell what the preparation meant, and the world was bidden stand off and guess. What's up?

—The folly and peril of standing on the side lines close to the home-plate was exemplified this week when a young man on Brownson Campus was struck by a batted ball. The players should retire to their quarters and see to it that spectators keep a respectful distance from danger. No one should be allowed to stand on the side lines.

—The following promotions have been made in Company A Hoynes' Light Guards: Capt. S. Dixon to be Quartermaster; 2d Lieutenant J. Haley to be 1st Lieutenant vice E. Gilmartin resigned; 1st Sergeant H. C. Stearns to be 2d Lieutenant vice J. Haley promoted; 2d Sergeant W. Morris to be 1st Sergeant vice H. C. Stearns promoted; 4th Sergeant J. B. Welker to be 2d Sergeant.

—The Stock Company are rehearsing for the Athletic Association Benefit Performance. A clever comedy written by Mr. Joseph A. Marmion, the founder of the Company, and a dramatization of Richard Harding Davis' story "Her First Appearance," will be the plays presented. And the orchestra promises some rare music, so that the program will be a musical and dramatic treat. The date for the performance has not been decided upon.

—The Central Y. M. C. A. basket-ball team will be down from Chicago tonight to play the Varsity men. The team from Chicago has a

clean record of victories won from the best clubs in the Windy City. Notre Dame knows a trick or two in basket-ball, and has lost no games. Query: When two irresistible forces meet what is the result? Why—er—a—why, an excellent game of basket-ball between the Central Y. M. C. A., of Chicago, and the Notre Dame Varsity.

—The basket-ball men went to town last Thursday afternoon and posed before the camera. Two groups were taken, the Varsity team and the unconquered, win-every-game-that-comes-in-our-way five from Carroll Hall. The photographer said that really they formed the finest-looking group he had ever taken—they all looked so honest. And with a polite "Ready, gentlemen; look in this direction please," he gracefully pointed to the sign, "No Credit. Strictly Cash," and the deed was done.

—A meeting of the Temperance Society was held in the parlors of the University Sunday, March 14. Mr. James Bennett, the president, tendered his resignation to take effect at once; J. H. McGinnis was chosen by an unanimous vote to fill the vacancy. The new president arose and, after sincerely thanking the members for the high honor they had conferred upon him, spoke at length on the aims and ends of total abstinence. Upon motion, a vote of thanks was tendered the retiring president for his active interest in the society's welfare and the furtherance of the cause of temperance. Rev. Father Burns, Promoter, made a few closing remarks, after which the society adjourned.

—Rev. Father Regan is engaged in filling a large album with the photographs of students, societies, etc., past and present. When completed, the album will be placed in the Library and another one begun. Father Regan deserves the grateful thanks of all those whose photographs appear in his album. Many of the faces seen there would be forgotten at Notre Dame were it not for this reminder. There are in every college clever students whom it is a pleasure to recall, but who take no active part in athletics and do not remain until graduation, and it is the memory of such as these that the good Father is trying to perpetuate. He should have the hearty co-operation of every one to whom the name of Notre Dame is dear.

—The erstwhile peaceful little town of Brownsonall has been stirred up to a high pitch of excitement over the bomb-throwing episode of Tuesday morning. Apropos to this comes the sad intelligence that M. Wigglets has been arrested and fined for obstructing a public highway with his pedal extremities; and that Lan Johnders has willfully disobeyed the Curfew Law. Carlie Schulteskowski, who conducts a small grocery at the corner of Easy St. and Busy Ave., has also been before the Mayor this week on the charge of maintaining a public nuisance. The defendant foolishly thought that

the charge referred to Halee's presence on his premises, but was informed that elderly fruit in his possession occasioned the trouble.

—There is a little story told in connection with the recent trip of the basket-ball team to Fort Wayne. It was Willie Kegler's maiden visit to a real, thriving city, and, naturally, the first thing which attracted his attention was an electric street-car which, "begosh, came a-tairin' deown the lane without horses." Willie's first impulse was to board the "durned" thing, which he did very gracefully after the car had come to a stand-still. A few moments later, however, Willie espied two members of the team walking along one of the principal thoroughfares, and quick as a flash made for the rear door. The conductor immediately rang the bell, but Willie cared not for the bell; he was going to alight then and there. We did not learn just when Willie alighted, or which part of his anatomy struck the cruel pavement first. Indeed, it was some time before his frightened companions were able to tell whether or not Willie was really going to land. Such violent revolutions as Willie's trembling anatomy was subjected to were fearful to behold. Finally, however, Willie struck the ground, and was tenderly cared for by kind friends. Willie says he reckons that Fort Wayne cars go faster than they "dew deown our way."

—The following is a list of the business men of South Bend who were visited by the Executive Committee last Thursday in the interest of the Athletic Association. Every one contributed liberally. Each student should remember that the Executive Committee and the Treasurer of the Athletic Association who received such cordial treatment in South Bend on Thursday afternoon represented *him*, and he should therefore show his appreciation to those merchants as if he had visited them personally. All the firms were not called upon; but the clothing firm that refused (elsewhere spoken of in these columns) was approached with the result noted below. The completed list which will be printed later on will undoubtedly be much larger. The contributors are:

Moses S. and J. Livingston, clothiers; Meyer Livingston and Sons, clothiers; H. P. Blair & Co., plumbers; Tribune printing Co.; E. R. Vanderhoof, druggist; E. P. Taylor, tobacconist; St. Joe Laundry; James Dubail, barber; City Laundry; W. R. Hobbs, furniture; W. A. Whiteman, wholesale confectionery; Geo. Wyman & Co., dry-goods; F. D. Ellsworth, dry-goods; Alfred Klingel, shoes; D. H. Baker and Bro., shoes.

When the list is completed copies will be hung conspicuously in the various Halls.

—On Thursday last the members of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association visited several of the South Bend business men who receive the patronage of the faculty and students, and requested them to contribute something toward the support of the association. The reception by the merchants, with a single exception, was very flattering; and when

the committee returned to the University the strong box of the Athletic Association was very much heavier. We print elsewhere in the "Local Items" the names of the firms that contributed, and we hope the students will read them carefully and do all in their power to return the favors so generously given. With the single exception noted above, all the firms gave whatever they could without a word of protest. Indeed, most of them seemed to consider it a favor to be allowed to contribute. But a few words about this *single exception*. This clothing firm, together with two other of the leading clothing firms of South Bend, are patronized more by the students than any of the other stores in the city, and on that account the committee expected to be well received by them. Two of the firms (see the list of contributors) made donations that gladdened the hearts of those committee-men, but the other firm—the one, by the way, that sells more to the students than any two business houses in South Bend—not only offered less than one-half of what the others gave, but, when this was refused, added insult to injury by telling them that the students of Notre Dame would be compelled to deal with them whether they wished to or not, that they would not give them a cent, and furthermore that they would complain to the President of Notre Dame about these four students who had the impudence to ask them for a pleasant smile. When the spokesman of the committee produced a list of the contributors of some rival firms the head of this concern became still more rabid and declared the list a fraud; in other words, that the members of the committee were lying to him when they said they received money from certain merchants. Well, we are certain that before long the proprietors of that clothing house will have cause to rue their insolence and their economy; for immediately after the return of the committee the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls held meetings in which it was voted unanimously that hereafter not a man of them would buy so much as a collar-button from the firm in the future. No; Mr. Single Exception will find out to his sorrow that the notion that the students of Notre Dame are compelled to patronize him whether they wish it or not is a false one, and a costly one, too, when one considers how much the success of his business depends upon the support of these very students he is so ready to insult. The students do not take this action so much because of the refusal of the firm to contribute, but because of the savage manner in which the refusal was made. We advise this *single exception* not to try to make any amends in the future, because they will not be considered. The Athletic Association can get along very well without their contributions or apologies. Hereafter Notre Dame students will deal entirely with the firms that treat them as good customers should be treated.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, H. Bennett, Barry, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Crilly, Confer, Delaney, W. Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Lantry, Murphy, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McNamara, McDonough, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, Reilly, Sullivan, Steele, Sanders, Spalding, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, J. Berry, Berry, Brown, Burke, E. Brown, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Baloun, Bommersbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Corby, Campbell, Cuneo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, Collins, Cassidy, A. Casey, J. Casey, Dreher, Davies, Dowd, M. Daly, Duffy, J. Daly, Donovan, Dooley, Desmond, Davis, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Fitzgerald, Foster, Fox, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Guilfoyle, Guerra, H. Gray, Hayes, Hengen, F. Hesse, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Henry, Hessel, Hay, Hartung, Hindel, Hurst, Johnson, Jelonak, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Koehler, Kuhl, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lutz, Lieb, J. Murphy, Meagher, C. Murphy, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Mueller, Meyers, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, T. Monahan, McCarrick, McCormack, McNichols, McGinnis, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, O'Brien, F. O'Shaughnessey, M. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, Pickett, Pendleton, Paras, Quinn, Quandt, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Smoger, Scott, Summers, Schermerhorn, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Thiele, Thams, Taylor, Tong, Tomlinson, Toba, F. Taylor, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Conklin, Curtis, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Ernst, Fox, Foley, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funk, Friedman, Fleming, Girsch, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Heffelfinger, Herron, Hinze, Herbert, G. Kasper, G. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, W. McNichols, McManus, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Noonan, Newell, Nast, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Page, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shiels, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Szybowicz, Swan, Swiney, Schwabe, Taylor, Wagenmann, J. Ward, H. St. Clair Ward, Walsh, Watterson, Wells, Waite, Wilson, Weadock.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Clarke, K. Casparis, C. Cressy, J. Coquillard, Cotter, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dougherty, Desauer, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Englemann, Ellis, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hinsey, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Lawton, Leisander, E. Manion, T. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, J. McMahon, J. McConnell, W. McMahon, M. McMahon, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, F. Phillip, A. Phillips, Paul, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Robbins, Ryan, Rees, Redpath, Rennolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Seymour, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, G. Weidmann, Weber, Wigg.